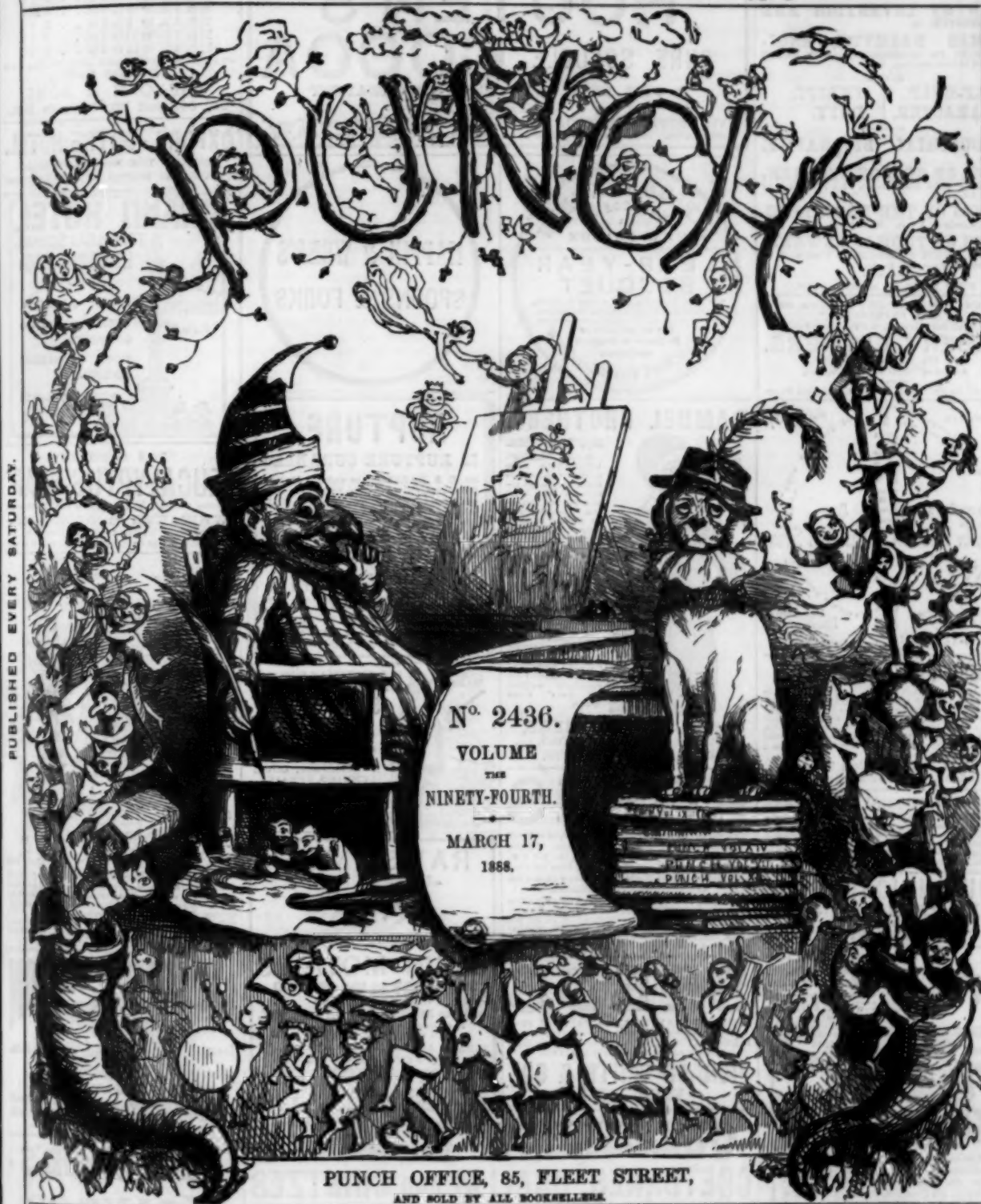


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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PRICE THREE PENCE.

BOTTLED
AT THE
SPRINGS,
MALVERN.

SCHWEPPE'S SPARKLING MALVERN

A NATURAL ENGLISH WATER, AERATED.

[Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.]

"IN THE DAYS WHEN WE WENT GIPSYING."

Yes, Sir, "The days when we went Gipsying, a long time ago," were revived last Thursday at the Avenue. Scenes of my childhood, once more I behold ye! *The Bohemian Girl* is indeed "the Girl I left behind me." The occasion of the revival was described as



Having his Fling.

Mr. SAMUEL HAYE's *Matinée*, which suggests rather a Hazy morning; and so it was, but I went to meet the good old Girl.

The good old Girl was, I was delighted to find, as good as ever! There was *Devilshoof* the Gipsy, played and sung by Mr. SHAKELLE, who is up to all the gags and business, without which I fancy nowadays *The Bohemian Girl*—bless her!—would be a trifle slow. But her musical charms were as bright as of yore. With her again I wandered in Marble Halls, and "when other lips" sang her songs, then "I remembered her," and every note of them: and my heart was not "bowed down by weight of woe," but, on the contrary, was beating time to the ballad tunes with all the fervour of youth, as the fresh strawberry mark on her arm was discovered, and *Arlene* fell into the arms of the Count, in whom she recognised her long-lost parent, when *Devilshoof* sang out boldly, "Be not deceived, 'tis thy father before thee!" And it was my father before me, who took me to see *The Bohemian Girl*, when she and I were girl and boy together, though I was not, I wish to state, a Bohemian Boy, but a very respectably brought-up one—coming of as "decent people" as were *Arlene's* own relations. Bless her dear eyes! Ah, those were happy nights! No *Matinées* then! And to hear BALFE's Opera we went in the dress circle—quite a family circle—and with oranges and cakes in our hands—cakes in our hands and BUNS on the stage—we heard first of all *The Bohemian Girl*, and then after that, the Pantomime. And here she is again,—or was, last Thursday, and "I love her still the same," although I am



The Good Old Strawberry Mark.

AN OLD STAGER.

COLERIDGE ON "GENERAL GORDON'S LETTERS TO HIS SISTER."

"I HEAR the very GORDON that of old

Was wont to preach to me, now once more preaching."

Wallenstein, Act V., Sc. 2.

Gordon (log.).

"O Time

Works miracles. In one hour many thousands
Of grains of sand run out; and quick as they
Thought follows thought within the human soul.
Only one hour! Your heart may change its purpose.
His heart may change its purpose,—some new tidings
May come: some fortunate event, decisive,
May fall from Heaven and rescue me. O what
May not an hour achieve!"

Wallenstein, Act V. Sc. 4,—only one word changed.

SHAKSPEARIAN DISCOVERY.

VALUE of Money in Elizabethan Era! SHAKSPEARE a practical Economist!! This is a discovery worth everything that Bacon-fed commentators have written. It is this:

"Gravedigger (to Hamlet). A tanner will last you nine year."

Now "a tanner," which, within the present century, was always "sixpence" ("two bob and a tanner" was the cabman's half-crown), was perhaps equal in SHAKSPEARE's time to about four times that amount. Yet, even if this be so, what could the price of everything have been, and what could have been the *Gravedigger's* estimate of *Hamlet*, when he expressed his opinion that a couple of shillings (if that were the Elizabethan value of the "tanner.") would last him "nine year" P. 83.

OUR REAL GRIEVANCE OFFICE.

Before Mr. Commissioner PUNCH.

A Journalistic Specialist introduced.

The Commissioner. Well, Sir, you look pale and ill. What can I do for you?

Witness. I am a Dramatic Critic on a morning paper, and my pallor is caused by incessant labour.

Com. Really I was under the impression that your post was a light and pleasant one.

Wit. Ah, that was many years ago. In the Sixties a new piece came out about once a month, and there was plenty of time to see it and think it over before sitting down to write a criticism.

Com. And now, I suppose, a greater demand is made upon the critic?

Wit. Certainly. There is a great deal of competition amongst the dailies, and little important as a Dramatic Critic is considered, his notice must be published as soon after the performance as possible.

Com. Is this your only complaint?

Wit. Certainly not. After all, Art suffers rather than the writer, when a notice has to be done at express rate speed. So, as a professional journalist, I should find little fault with the exigencies of the machine-room and the publishing office. But our great grievance is that whereas a morning performance was in the olden times nearly as scarce as a blue moon, nowadays they are as numerous as blackberries in the Autumn.

Com. Do you object to morning performances?

Wit. Most strongly. Occasionally they give us a sort of dress rehearsal for the piece intended later on to form a part of the evening programme, and on these occasions they are defensible but not welcome. But when they are merely vehicles for the exhibition of "vaulting ambition over-reaching itself," and crass conceit enjoying a field-day, it is time to remonstrate!

Com. You speak warmly!

Wit. Have I not reason so to do? Will you believe it, Sir, but last week I went to the theatre eleven times!

Com. Really! Well then, perhaps you can tell me what you thought of *The Power of Love* of Miss LINDLEY?

Wit. I would rather not say. The name is not new; it served as a second title of BALFE's Opera *Satanella*.

Com. Was *The Power of Love* funny?

Wit. Some of it was very funny. For instance, there was a dramatic Doctor, who, after poisoning his "best patient," went about crying for someone to buy him a practice. We screamed at him!

Com. Was the heroine funny too?

Wit. Well, no, she was good, but her part was absolutely ridiculous. It speaks well for her that the audience did not hiss her. Because she is bored with her home, she attempts the life of her father—believes she has killed him—enjoys balls and suppers without the least remorse, and ultimately "takes up" with a gentleman who looks like a country fair giant with a turn for dentistry!

Com. And is she hanged in the last Act?

Wit. Oh, no! Because the poisoned draught, by an accident, does not reach her father's lips, she is hailed as an innocent woman by all the *dramatis personæ* with every sign of rejoicing.

Com. Dear me, this sort of thing seems rather trying?

Wit. I should think so! But the *Power of Love* was rather above the average. It must be remembered that Miss LINDLEY dramatised a novel—nearly always an unsatisfactory labour. Sometimes "the new and original pieces" produced at *Matinées* are simply intolerable.

Com. And I suppose they are usually "slated."

Wit. Of course. That is one comfort, they are crushed and never appear again.

Com. I can quite understand the feeling of annoyance their performance must create; still it seems to me a little unjust that there should be no appeal.

Wit. There would be, were they played in the ordinary way—in the evening—and removed from the bills if they failed to please.

Com. What is your remedy?

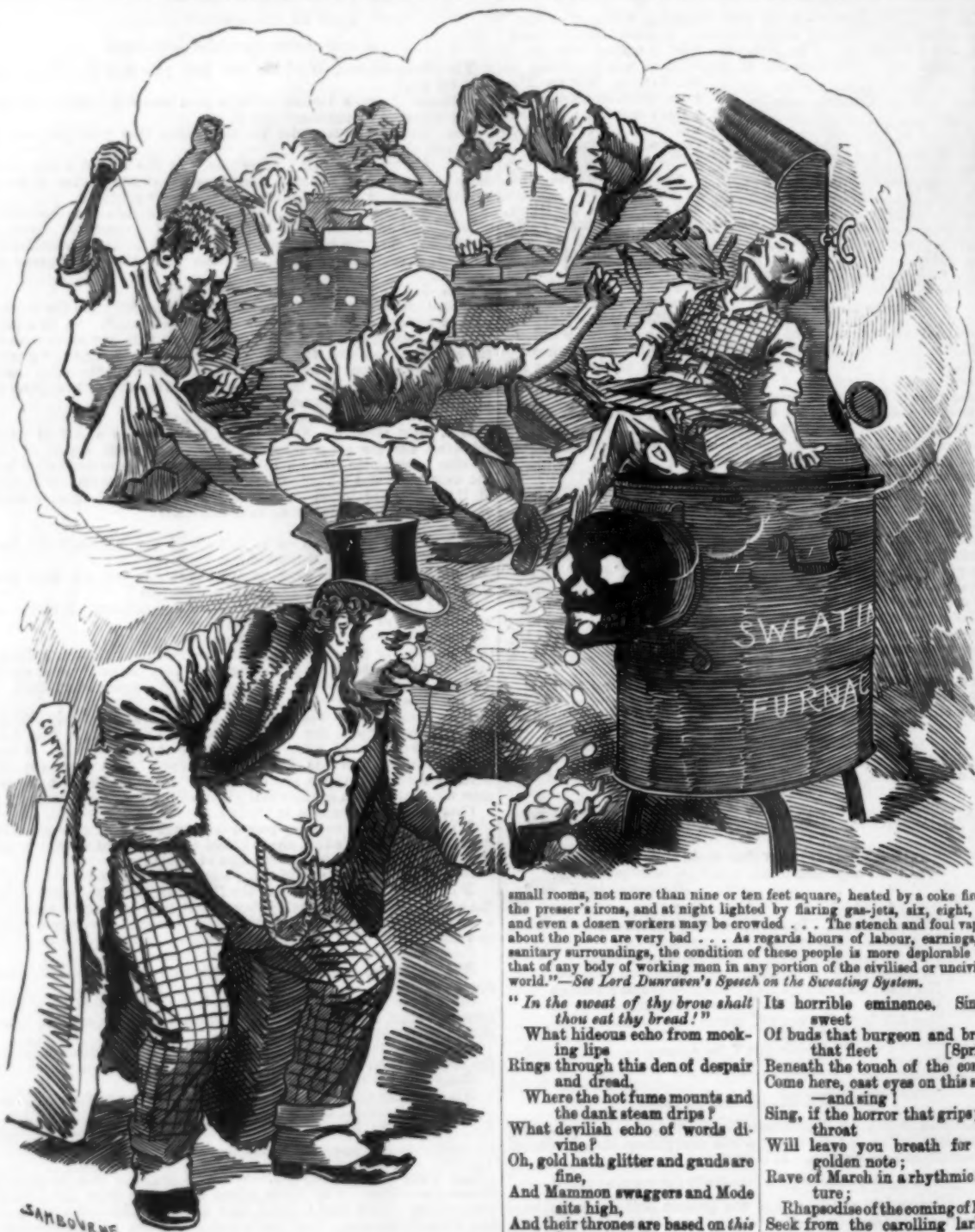
Wit. I would abolish morning performances, except for charities.

Com. I am obliged to you, I will make a note of your suggestion.

[The Witness thanked the Commissioner, and withdrew.]

THE ODDS IN OUR FAVOUR.—We have come to be a large and liberal generation. Our noble selves are not as were our narrow progenitors. They used to boast that every Englishman could beat any three Frenchmen—that was to say, foreigners. We have ceased to be so insular. We don't say that. No, but haven't we been acting as if we thought so still? Don't our preparations and precautions for national defence against possible hosts of allied enemies appear to have been calculated on the presumption asserted in the above sometime popular saying, "as to the proportion of three to one?"

THE SWEATER'S FURNACE: OR. THE REAL "CURSE" OF LABOUR.



J. AMBROSE

"All the circumstances of the trade, the hours of labour, the rate of remuneration, and the sanitary conditions under which the work is done are disgraceful . . . In the 'dens' of the Sweaters, as they are called, there is not the slightest attempt at decency. . . . In the vast majority of cases work is carried on under conditions in the highest degree filthy and unsanitary. In

small rooms, not more than nine or ten feet square, heated by a coke fire for the presser's irons, and at night lighted by flaring gas-jets, six, eight, ten, and even a dozen workers may be crowded . . . The stench and foul vapours about the place are very bad . . . As regards hours of labour, earnings, and sanitary surroundings, the condition of these people is more deplorable than that of any body of working men in any portion of the civilised or uncivilised world."—See Lord Dunraven's Speech on the Sweating System.

"In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread!"

What hideous echo from mocking lips
Rings through this den of despair and dread,

Where the hot fume mounts and the dank steam drips?
What devilish echo of words divine?

Oh, gold hath glitter and gauds are fine,
And Mammon swaggers and Mode sits high,
And their thrones are based on this human sty!

"That hole of sorrow," the last dark deep
Of DANTE'S dream, may no longer keep

Its horrible eminence. Singers sweet

Of buds that burgeon and brooks that fleet
Beneath the touch of the coming Spring;
Come here, cast eyes on this scene—and sing!

Sing, if the horror that grips your throat

Will leave you breath for one golden note;
Rave of March in a rhythmic rapture;

Rhapsodise of the coming of May,
Seek from the carolling lark to capture

A lilt of joy that shall fire your With a rural jubilation strong to drown
The maddened moan of these thralls of Town.

"Could I command rough rhymes and hoarse!"
The Florentine cried. What keen fierce flow
Of lyric fervour hath fire or force
To search this scene of woe?

The long hours dull and slow
Beat heavily here, like the pulse of pain
In a famished wanderer's failing brain.
Corpse-like gleameth each pallid cheek
Through the lurid flare and the loathsome
reek.

'Tis a fight for life, but each laboured breath
Is one step more on the road to death.
Pity the slave in the pathless swamp,
The clutch of pestilence, cold and damp,
Closing, closing, closing still
On panting bosom and palsied will!
But these poor thralls of merciless Trade?—
Sentiment may not contend with law.
Here is a plague that cannot be stayed,
Iron doctrine and learned saw

Bar the way
To a better day.

These slaves must sweat for their pitiful pay,
And the Sweater is heaven-born—so they
say!

Heaven-born! Yes; who shall dare decline
To yield to Economy's right divine,—

That latest incarnation
Of Caesarism in sordid flesh?

For souls once tangled in Mammon's mesh
There's no emancipation.

Sew on, sew on, in the glare and reek,
Ye men unmanned, and ye women meek,
With back low-crouching, and bloodless
cheek!

Sew on, sew on, whilst the gaslights flare
Through the stifling steam and the tainted air!
The jungle-scurge's loathsome lair
Is scarcely fouler. What doth he care.
The Sweater smug—so the good round gold
From his human furnace is hourly rolled?
For him ye toil, for his gain ye tire.
Your lives are fuel to feed his fire.

His the new Alchemy—Mammon's own,
Trade's trick is transmutation.

Commerce hath found the Philosopher's Stone;
The poor man's need
Is the source and seed

Of Wealth's accumulation.

Fate hath its formula, life its plan:
The many must, 'tis the few that can;
Man's cheapest tool is a helpless man.
Can Justice contend with Supply and
Demand?

So the Sweater heateth throughout the land
His furnace fierce.

Yet a cry will pierce
Now and anon through the tainted air
From the tortured creatures in torment there;
A moan of sorrow, a piteous prayer;
Questioning faint if the bloated purse
May claim to alter the primal curse

At its own sweet will and pleasure;
To shift its weight by an artful gloss
Till Poverty's share is the pain and loss,
And Wealth's the ease and leisure:
Till, in Sweater's fashion, the text is read,
"In the sweat of their brow shall they earn
my bread!"

Mrs. R. ON THE SCENE AGAIN.—Mrs. R. knows nothing of whist, and therefore it is quite intelligible why she fails to see the force of a proverbial expression which involves some acquaintance with the game. She remarked the other day, "I never could understand the sense of the saying, 'When in doubt, play a trumpet!' Why 'a trumpet'?" No, my dear, there are some proverbs I think foolish, and that is one of them." On another recent occasion she observed, alluding to some of the pleasures of a country life, "Ah, I love fowls. I remember when we lived in the country, and used to keep a lot of Bantings."



THE PREVAILING TOPIC!

Stumpson (in answer to Talboys' greeting). "Oh, all right, 'f 'twas'n't for these EAST WINDS—"

Talboys (who's a little hard of hearing). "TWINS! MY DEAR FELLOW, I CONGRATULATE YOU, I'M SURE. I'D REALLY NO IDEA YOU WERE—AND HOW ARE THEY—ALL THREE!—I HOPE—"

Stumpson (testily—large family already). "I DIDN'T SAY THESE TWINS"—(shouting)—"I SAID THE EAST WINDS!!"

A RISE IN WATERFALLS.—"Niagara in London" is unquestionably the best panorama that has yet been seen. The deception is perfect, and it is difficult in the extreme to decide where the real ends and the canvas commences. The scene is quite a "rus in urbe," with its woods and flowers, and particularly its poles, although the last are telegraphic and not human. Attached to the view of the great waste (if anything can be called a waste where a shilling is charged for admission), of waters is a restaurant *à la carte* or otherwise. So that diners or lunchers have no difficulty in discovering what *should* come after the deluge, and, as they pleasantly discuss the good things provided for them, they can murmur (with SHAKESPEARE), "What a fall was there!"

SCOTCH MIXTURE.—The Scotch *Becky Sharp* seems to have taken in even the astute Professor BLACKIE, who has written to say that this was no wonder, as (we quote from memory, intending to quote from BLACKIE) "she would have taken in the Devil himself." And yet the latter personage is not so Blackie as he is painted. So which ought to have the best or worst of it, Auld Clotie or Auld BLACKIE?

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 5.—Grand attack to-night upon Government in respect of system of National Defences. Opposition almost exclusively conducted by warriors seated on Ministerial side, and usually regarded as Friendlies. Mixed forces drawn from Army and Navy; appeared to be acting on individual account; conducted attack in guerilla fashion. But the whole force under secret command of General Lord GRANDOLPH, V.C., who occupied a safe position on an eminence above Gangway, and cultivated the expression of NAPOLEON crossing the Alps.

Captain COLOMB led off. Was in fact, as BRODRICK said, "the advance COLOMB." His tactics extraordinary, but not new. Very old story, especially in Asiatic warfare, for attacking party to advance with loud cries. COLOMB adopted this strategy with unqualified success. Began his speech at topmost note of powerful voice, and kept it up for nearly an hour. "If the Monument could speak," said ARTHUR BALFOUR, putting his hands to his ears, "suppose its conversational tone would be something like COLOMB's when addressing House of Commons."

Effect remarkable. Completely cleared space immediately round him. At early hour of engagement shouted CHILDERS clean off Front Opposition Bench. A volley of sentences delivered in rapid succession at the shout, struck HOME SECRETARY in the abdomen like a piece of old red sandstone. "Subsequent proceedings interested him no more." Even General Lord GRANDOLPH, V.C., though not immediately within range, so alarmed by *ricochet* of violently flung sentences, that he took early opportunity of retiring to his tent. Only for his wig, which deadened sound, SPEAKER would have gone to his chop stone-deaf. Old Morality, writing letters in his far-off room, so stung by one of COLOMB's observations, that he sent in word to offer Select Committee at once, if COLOMB would about no more about Royal Commission. STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, entrusted with message; could not stand the blast when within speaking distance, and after gallant effort retired, leaving COLOMB erect, solitary, and triumphant, in the waste he had created. Finished up with a terrific tornado of peroration, and amid the profound silence that seemed thereafter to reign, the few surviving Members thought they heard faint echo of voice "calling attention to present condition of our Military and Naval resources."

This was WALTER BARTHELOT bringing up reserves, and moving for Royal Commission. COLOMB had had the first place with Amendment, which duly appeared on the paper. One of earliest victims of the terrific storm was this Amendment. Pulverised, shattered, blasted into space; not a trace of it left. So BARTHELOT got his chance. As piece of strategy, this move thoroughly successful. Ministers so unnerved and shaken by continuous tornado, hadn't nerve for anything. Opposition also silenced. So GRANDOLPH, V.C., brought up his men one after the other, including BERNESFORD, who pounded away at Treasury Bench till there wasn't a sound timber in its construction. But honours of the day remained with the reverberating COLOMB.

Business done.—Skirmish round Army Estimates.

Tuesday.—Quite a Scotch debate to-night. Lively, too, with commendable absence of jocularity. GEORGE CAMPBELL began it. Moved addition to New Rules providing for Scotch Grand Committee. Convincing speech, but not nearly so eloquent as the way in which Sir GEORGE subsequently wrestled with his knees as speaker after speaker followed, and casual conversation enlarged into set debate. It was GLADSTONE set the ball rolling. Not often a chance of presenting himself before House in capacity of Scotch Member. Suddenly remembered to-night has Scotch blood in his brains, and represents Scotch constituency. Unfortunately HANCOCK absent. Otherwise he, too, would have recalled his descent from the STUARTS, and urged appointment of Scotch Standing Committee.



Mr. Bolton's Cogitation.

It was MARK STEWART who brought up GLADSTONE. A quiet thoughtful man is MARK. Perhaps a little funeral in manner. His habitual woe aggravated to-night by a sudden gift of second sight. CAMPBELL's Motion plain and practical enough to ordinary men. STEWART Marked much below surface. Under CAMPBELL's muffler he saw the "pearl" of Home Rule. Behind that he saw the Disestablishment of the Church. BOLTON, who had been furtively thinking of voting for the Motion, relapsed into state of perturbed thoughtfulness. GLADSTONE joyously jumped up and threw himself into the fray.

After this the armies were set in battle array. House summoned to consider Procedure Rules, launched forth into Home Rule Debate. The Front Opposition Bench filled up with young men eager for the fray. GEORGE CAMPBELL's knees were raised higher and higher, and hugged in increasing satisfaction. The louder the controversy raged, the higher his exaltation. Repeated to himself, in sort of ecstasy, a long-forgotten stanza:—

"O what a parish, what a terrible parish,
O what a parish is Little Dunkel!"

They have hanged the minister, drowned the presenter,
Dung down the steeple, and drucken the bell!"

As midnight drew on, COURTNEY could stand it no longer. Had ten minutes of wild delight. Turned upon TREVELLYAN, battered BRYCE, and nearly snapped off CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN's head because he had presumed to shake it.

"Well, well," said CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, when he had recovered from temporary fright, "you shouldn't grudge COURTNEY an occasional fling. Think of all he must suffer when he sits in Chair, closely follows a debate, and feels the temptation to rise and show successive disputants what fools they are, and blind. His secret sufferings must be terrible. Can't grudge him a little blood-letting." Admirable debate, but—

Business done.—None.

Thursday Night.—General Lord GRANDOLPH, V.C., girt on his sword, put on all his medals (including the Jubilee), tightened his belt and at beat of drum, being on the stroke of half-past four, stepped into the breach. A gallant sight that stirred all hearts. Special interest in manoeuvre, it being whispered that GRANDOLPH, having strategically ordered BARTHELOT on in advance, would take an opportunity of shooting him in the back. As for Ministers they were sure to be peppered. Only people who felt safe were the natural Opposition on benches opposite. Everyone near the General felt uncommonly uncomfortable. On the war prance for an hour and a half. Bullied STANHOPE, jeered at GOSCHEN, and made the white teeth of Old Morality shake in their sockets. But BARTHELOT somehow escaped. Probably GRANDOLPH forgot him, or by accident shot the wrong man.

Pretty to see the face of the Colonels and the Captains as GRANDOLPH prattled of bayonets and fought his battles o'er again. Didn't know whether to laugh or cry, sat gloomily silent. HAMLEY so unnerved that, presently rising and being met with cries for division, silently and reproachfully regarded the House and sat down without a word.

All this fine to see. But nothing to later appearance of Old Morality in quite new character as Man of Mystery with proposal about alternative inquiry which should supersede BARTHELOT's demand for Royal Commission. Sort of thimble-rigging business. There was pea in the shape of sheet of note-paper on which proposal was written. There were three thimbles represented by as many confused statements attempted by O. M.

"Under which thimble is the pea?" Old Morality asked, looking as JOSEPH GILLIS said "more moraller than ever."

CHILDERS said it was there; CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN declared it was THERE! WALTER BARTHELOT was certain he could spot the thimble. As for GRANDOLPH, waxing his moustache so as to look at least like NAPOLEON THE THIRD, he said there was no pea at all. Old Morality very angry. Scene of general confusion. SPEAKER put Amendment. BARTHELOT didn't challenge division; seeing which, Irish Members obligingly pressed for a division. That man of war, GRANDOLPH, V.C., suddenly stricken with great fear. If House divided, poverty of his resources would be disclosed. The Colonels and the Captains would stand by the Government, and his Grand Army would be revealed as men in buckram. At close of hour and half's speech he had solemnly declared must vote for



An Eloquent Speech.

Amendment. Now by way of postscript blubbered out "Don't divide!" Irish Members laughed; kept him in state of terror for two or three minutes; then allowed Amendment to be negatived. So the great battle ended in smoke.

Business done.—Got into Committee on Army Estimates.

Friday Night.—KING-HARMAN walking about Lobby in rather low spirits. Bill for his salary on again to-day, and again blocked by Irish Members. What makes incident peculiarly embarrassing is, that the Under Secretary to the Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant had listened with approving interest to GOSCHEN's lucid exposition of his scheme for conversion of National Debt. KING-HARMAN meant to draw first quarter's salary in advance, and convert it into Consols. But TIM HEALY stood in his way; JOHN DILLON waved him back; even T. W. RUSSELL turned upon him. Bill further delayed, and golden opportunity passed. Sat without emotion through evening sitting debate, when Sage of Queen Anne's Gate proposed to do away with the Lords. Once this would have shocked KING-HARMAN's sensitive mind. Now prepared for anything—especially to give receipt for first quarter's salary.

Business done.—Doom of House of Lords delayed.

THE ROSE AND THE RING.

Nor that it was a ring or a necklace, but diamonds in some shape.



My Lord La-thom-at-her-Feet,
cess in your American tour, and will rejoice to welcome you on your return. Many happy "returns."

The Rose is going to be, or is already transplanted. On March 2, Lord LATHOM went down to Liverpool on his knees—no, went down to Liverpool and then went on his knees—to the charming *prima donna*, spread out diamonds at her feet, and sang, "Stay, prithee Stay!" or would have sung it had he remembered the tune, and if DRUGGILLANUS OPERATICUS could have prompted him with the words. But Colonel MAFLESON (semi-Colonel, not The Colonel) was inexorable, and so she accepted the testimonial of precious stones. And in a speech as pretty as herself, the Cantatrice appearing as a Blush Rose, thanked the assembled company, and said "Aurevoir."

Mr. Punch wishes you, Madame MARIE ROZE, and *voire mari*, ROZE, all success

ANOTHER ODE TO MARCH.

(Being a Counterblast to Mr. A. C. Swinburne's rhythmical rhapsody in the "Nineteenth Century." By one who has certainly "learned in suffering" what he endeavours to "teach in song.")

I.

Ere frost-alush and snow-alopping dried up and went, and the horrors of Winter had slid out of sight,
The ways of the wood pavement fouler were far than a clay-country lane on a mucky March night.
The breath of the month of the winds had stabbed us through top-coats and mufflers, and made us afraid.
Such bronchial bothers, such blossomy noses, such frost-bitten fingers for man and for maid!
The sea was not lovelier than the land, each appeared in a dismal and desolate plight;
But the Winter is not so much worse than the Spring-time; each plays up the mischief with pleasure and trade.
March, master of winds, is a flatulent fraud, a marshal of banes and a bringer of blight.

II.

And now that the rage of your rhythmical rapture, your revel of rhyming has finished its flow,
Oh, incontinent ALGERNON CHARLES, what the dickens you mean by such rubbish I should like to know.
How, how can you love and rejoice, you, leader and lord of the lyriats of curses and scorn,

In a boast of a month that half drives one to madness, and makes a man wish he had never been born?

Have you shaken the snow from your shoes on a doormat, with frost have your nose and your lips been aglow?

Have you met a March wind coming sharp round a corner, your mackintosh drenched and your gingham all torn,
And tried to take breath in the nip of North-Easters? No, ALGERNON CHARLES, or you'd never talk so!

III.

Fain, fain would I have but again all the health and the comfort March blasts have dispelled and consumed;

I tell you, my lad, if you tip us such drivel, your fame as a bard is decidedly doomed.

Come, candidly, ALGERNON, now, do you relish these nose-rasping winds, and these shoe-soaking showers?

Get out! 'tisn't possible, SWINBURNE, my boy; you are longing, like us, for the sun and the flowers.

Why tell taradiddles concerning a month, when one only is warm when in bed he's entombed,

When pneumonia's rampant, bronchitis about, and rheumatical pangs are our lot at all hours?

One smile of the sun when the sweet June wakes him is worth all the "snow-flowers" that ever have bloomed.

IV.

When the sunshine quenches the snowshine—euss it!—when April hooks it, and June follows May,

There may be a little look in for the poet, and then, if you like, my dear boy, have your say.

'Midst the leaves we may dream, and desire, and rejoice, with a song for our smiles and thankgivings. But now?

You're as mad as its hares for this maddest and saddest of months to kick up such a rhythmical row.

And somewhere surely the sound of the laughter of mocking demons must echo your lay,

The imps of Lumbago and Influenza, the wheezy chest, the neuralgic brow,

Must chortle loud in their Arctic empire, to think they have nobbled one bard anyway.

V.

Are your feet at ease in a pool of water, when winds blow cold from the waste North Sea?

Oh, it's all very well in a flowery lyric, you know that in fact it is fiddle-de-dee.

Does the East wind suit your eyes? Does the blast of an iceberg's breathing assist your breath?

Is March, with the wild North-easter raging, as fine a thing as your poem saith?

Is there not some rot in your rapture of passion, reiterate mellowly though it may be?

Our hearts revolt at the blast of your clarion, CHARLES. Upon winds we're aware you are death;

But leave to KINGSELY the "brave North-easter;" from fudge like this let the world go free.

VI.

For the "breath of its lips" is bunkum, and bunkum the falsome praise of your flowing song.

"Glad god of the North-east wind?" Great CAESAR! O SWINBURNE, dear boy, that is coming it strong!

Its kingdom is—terror, and turpentine plasters, mustard poultices, ipecac. wine.

Night lit with the flame of the night-light dismal, the ropy cough—you should just hear mine!

No sleep for the gaspings that deepen and quicken, for fevered fancies a fiery throng,

The world knows well that the month's a nuisance, and you may depend will at once decline

To be diddled e'en by your dithyrambic; because, old fellow, we know you're wrong.

VII.

The body is drenched one dismal moment, the next one's skin is as dry as starch.

Its rains that chill us are most disgusting, and equally so are its gales that parch.

What! kindle mortals to love and laughter by lauding the beastliest winds that blow?

Arouse our fondness for wintry wetness, for choking dust or for blinding snow?

No, no, your lips are eloquent, ALGERNON, set in Apollo's own genuine arch;

But neither the flame that fires your tropes, nor the fervour that setteth your figures aglow,

Shall gammon us into the fatuous folly of making a god of the wind of March!



FOND AND FOOLISH.

Edwin (suddenly, after a long pause). "DARLING!"

Angelina. "Yes, DARLING!"

Edwin. "NOTHING, DARLING. ONLY DARLING, DARLING!"

[Bilious Old Gentleman feels quite sick.]

GERMANY.

MARCH 9, 1888.

STRICKEN with sorrows as with dart on dart,
 With folded pinions, but unfailing heart,
 The Teuton Eagle sits, constrained to mark
 That splendid sun sink in the deepening dark.
 So glorious a course should have a close
 As calmly gradual as the twilight rose
 Of a long day of June that softly blends
 With hastening night, and in hushed silence ends.
 Not so the Fates ordained. Tempestuous clouds
 Surround the sunset, lowering sorrow shrouds
 Its latest gleamings, golden, yet, and grand.
 It sinks, and sadness strikes across the land.
 When Thule's king his golden goblet hurled
 To the grey depths that wash around the world,
 What thoughts possessed his vassals as it sank
 To lodge with shattered wrecks and sea-wrack dank?
 "He drank no more," that monarch old and brave,
 Worthy crown-wearer, "leal unto the grave."
 An older, mightier King, as stout, as leal,
 Erect as some tall pine, and tense as steel,
 Has bowed to the last foeman, and at last
 The well-won cup of conquest from him cast—
 Whither? A world in wonder waits to see—
 Waits with bent head and silent sympathy;
 And England, from her isle beyond the foam,
 Looks to that high but sorely stricken home,
 Whence a great presence passes, with a prayer
 That the White Dove of Peace may settle there,
 As o'er that sea where sinks the sun, where flits
 Night's shadow, and that watchful Eagle sits.

"SOUNDS LIKE IT."—If the Government's suspicions are confirmed by positive evidence, over some of the Navy Stores will have to be written, "Knavery Stores."

GEORGE JOKIN GOSCHEN.

(Chaz Lusi.)

THE great success of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER as a punster has been so marked that 85, Fleet Street has been absolutely flooded with inquiries as to the ways and means adopted by the Right Hon. Gentleman to produce his brilliant effects. The excellent *jeu de mot* about Mr. WYNDHAM being "on the Spree" while staying in Berlin (a pun which, it is said, has been translated into every European language) appears to have been thrown off as a carefully prepared *impromptu*; but the companion *plaisanterie* about the Court Theatre being "no Criterion"† shows traces of greater elaboration. It is, of course, against etiquette to answer the question whether Mr. GOSCHEN writes for the periodical in which these lines appear, but it may be safely conjectured that nothing from his accomplished pen has ever been published in these pages. We hope on a future occasion to fully explain the manner in which the "Comic CHANCELLOR" concocts his amusing conceits, but at present (as our scheme requires a great deal of tact and bribery) we must request our readers to rest satisfied with the publication of the following quaint cranks and oddities that have caused endless merriment during the past week wherever they have been related.

THE CHANCELLOR, the other evening, was witnessing the performance of Miss ANDERSON in the *Winter's Tale*, at the Lyceum, when he called his Private Secretary's attention to the fact that the charming young actress appeared in two rôles. "This makes me believe," said the Right Hon. Gentleman, "that our delightful American visitor must be very well bred!" The Private Secretary had to leave the box in convulsions of laughter. On reaching the lobby, however, the young man gave a proof of his insincerity by crying like a child.

LORD HALSBURY, in conducting the Lunacy Acts Amendment Bill through Committee, was heard to murmur to himself, "This measure should have been introduced in Paris rather than in London."

* The Spree is the river on which the capital of Prussia is situated. To be "on the Spree" implies that the person so described is in a cheerful frame of mind.

† "The Criterion" is the name of Mr. WYNDHAM's London theatre.



GERMANY. MARCH 9, 1888.



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It would be more likely to hold water there than here." "Why?" asked Lord HORSBURGH, on the broad grin, who had overheard the muttered remark. "Because," replied Mr. GOSCHEN, promptly, "it not only deals with lunatics, but is also intended to protect the Seine!" Lord HORSBURGH was so much amused at the pleasantry that he forgot to urge half the amendments of which he had given private notice.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER the other morning, sitting in the House of Commons noticed that the mace was as usual on the table. Turning to the Marquis of HARTINGTON, he pointed out the beautiful workmanship of the weapon that was once designated by CROMWELL "a bauble." He added, with a smile, "Really, that Mace is very spicy." Mr. LABOUCHERE said it was the best thing he had heard in his life, and commenced a lively conversation on the value of Egyptian securities.

Is it needless to say that the introduction of the Conversion Scheme gave the satirical statesman an opportunity of making a most mirth-provoking remark. Lunching with Mr. BRADLAUGH and the Archbishop of CANTERBURY (who had just returned from a visit to the Pelican Club), he observed, "I am afraid you fellows think that I am fond of talking shop. Not a bit of it! But you see this Conversion scheme of mine is the 'percentor of attraction.'" This excellent quip was received with roars of laughter from under the table.

But perhaps the gem of the collection is another joke, which was delivered only a few days since. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER was sitting in his room at the Treasury when he noticed that the door was not quite closed. "Why is the door not a door?" he asked, suddenly of the messenger who was bringing in his luncheon. "Because, Sir," was the prompt reply, "it is a-jar." "Not at all," returned the witty Cabinet Minister; "because it is an *egress* (a *negress*)."

Some dynamiters in a cellar who overheard the remark were so amused with it that they then and there abandoned their dreadful purpose and adopted the principles of the Liberal Unionists.

Other puns are expected hourly. They will be recorded on their arrival in our next. One, turning upon Mr. GLADSTONE being "axed" something, is nearly completed.

COMIC CLERICS.

WHETHER one of the results of that mysterious Association which entitled itself "The Church and Stage Guild" (does it yet exist?) may have been to enrich the *répertoire* of the Stage at the expense of the Church, I am not aware, but certain it is that, within the last



Mr. Punch welcoming the Rev. Johnnie Toole, M.A.

few years, we have had more Comic Clergymen on the boards than at any previous time in the history of the Drama. The warm-hearted, ready-witted Irish Priest was at one time inseparable from any Irish play after the striking success of *Father Tom* in BOUCHICAUT's *Colleen Bawn*. When this character was played out, there entered upon the scene the Muscular English Clergyman, ever ready to knock down an aggrieved parishioner, to foil a villain, and protect virtue in distress; and, indeed, until some more recent Dramatists came to the rescue, and revived the gallant Sailor, it seemed at one time not improbable that the extremely gentlemanly but decidedly Pugnacious Parson would supplant the British Tar in the affections of the theatre-going public. But at the Adelphi, under the deservedly successful régime of the Messrs. GATTI, the T. P. (not "Tay Pay") Cookian spirit has been summoned from the vasty deep, and, having become embodied in *Terriss Firmis*, is once more the people's darling,—no allusion being hereby intended to that marine store, Deptford.

The *Bells of Haslemere* chime in with the notions of the Adelphi patrons, and it would now be difficult for any author less mellow dramatic than PETTITT, SIMS & Co., to break what Mr. SYDNEY GRUNDY, when some few years ago he couldn't get a piece of his produced anywhere, used, in the bitterness of his soul, to call "the ring." So the Stage-Sailor once more finds his home at the Adelphi, and the Muscular Minister only puts in an occasional appearance; but the Comic Cleric is ubiquitous. Who began it? I rather fancy Mr. W. S. GILBERT was the first to start him, when he turned Mr. RUTLAND BARRINGTON into a Reverend Vicar in the costume of an Archdeacon,—the archest of Archdeacons,—telling us, in a tuneful ditty, of his *bonnes fortunes* as a "pale young curate," though of course this recital of his success with the ladies was not of such a nature as to bring the blush to the cheek of "the young person," no matter how much or how little cheek she might possess. The same author once put a Bishop on the stage of the Haymarket, and, not

to mention other examples that will occur to the habitual playgoer's memory, there was Mr. PENLEY as that ridiculous little parson in *The Private Secretary*, who revelled in "Ba-ath buns," and "didn't like London," and the late Mr. JOHN CLAYTON's *Dean*—a Dean every inch of him, poor fellow!—in PINERO's *Dandy Dick*, who got into all sorts of scrapes, was taken up by the police, and was forced to submit to every kind of indignity. I believe Mr. WILSON BARRITT is also playing the part of a Clergyman just now, but as I have not yet witnessed his performance, I can only suppose that the humour of the part would probably be more subtle than in the instances above-mentioned, though this would not necessarily prevent the impersonation from being classed with them as one among such genuinely comic creations.

And now our old favourite, Mr. J. L. TOOLE, adds one more picture to the clerico-theatrical portrait gallery, and appears as the Rev. Mr. Milliken, M.A., Dean and Tutor of St. Mark's College, Camford. He is only called "Mr. Milliken, M.A." in the play-bill; and though in some Colleges the Dean may be a layman—I remember an instance in point, where the office was only temporary and nominal—yet it is not so in this piece, as the clerical character of Mr. Milliken is emphasised by his pointing out to his fellow-tutor, that there is a College living vacant, to which he should like to retire on his marriage.

To see Mr. TOOLE in cap and gown with Oxford M.A. hood, looking quite the type of an old-fashioned College Don, is exquisitely funny in itself, and he is supported by a really good working company, for whom the piece seems to have been written, as it would be difficult to imagine a heartier landlady of the "Bull and Mitre" than Miss EMILY THORNE, any one more suited to the lively young-lady-like part of *Kitty* than Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH, or a better than Miss MARIE LINDEN for the ingenuous *Dora*, who is such an artless thing as to be utterly ignorant of College life, although quite up to making a very good pun about "first-class," and who sets so high a value on truth that she only lets it appear, as some unique jewel is worn by its fortunate possessor, on very rare occasions.

Mr. BILLINGTON is another excellent Fellow—of a College, I mean; scarcely a type of any recognised species of the resident University Official, but the sort of Fellow that a retired Indian Colonel might be expected to make. The young men, Messrs. GARDINER and LOWKE, are both very good, the latter being a life-like representative of the ordinary Undergraduate; and youthful Mr. AUBREY BOUCHICAUT looks and acts as the boy he is and is meant to be. Mr. SHELTON gives us a fair specimen of the College gymp, as accustomed to familiarity with his youthful masters as was *Sam Weller* with the Pickwickians, and of course his manner with the Dean is permissible in the broadly farcical situations invented by the joint authors, Mr. and Mrs. HERMAN MERIVALE. Miss KATE PHILLIPS acts in her sprightliest manner, looks her prettiest, and dresses splendidly, as she is bound to do in Commemoration Week; but the part presents no special characteristics which can differentiate it from the stock "lively widow," so useful in comedy.

So much for the individuals. The dialogue is sometimes epigrammatic and generally amusing. The repeated *equivoque* struck me as rather forced, and all that I could clearly make out was that Mr. TOOLE was a Dean in difficulties—which, after all, is quite sufficient when you go to enjoy Mr. TOOLE's peculiarly rich and broad humour. By the way that any Undergraduates could possibly, for one minute, mistake Miss LINDEN in cap and gown over her ordinary dress, without even a shirt-collar and tie, for one of themselves, exceeds even the limits of farcical improbability. This defect can be easily remedied by the lady herself.

I liked *The Butler* better than *The Don*, as far as *intrigue* goes, but perhaps the latter has the advantage in dialogue. Anyhow it is well worth seeing, for the sake of the Rev. JOHNIE TOOLE, Dean—(ah! I was just going to write "JOHNNIE DEAN," and to those who remember him what a genial cleric he would have made!)—Dean of St. Mark's College, Camford, whose portrait as the drollest Don imaginable will be another welcome addition to the Gallery of the Comic Clerics of the English Stage. JACK IN THE BOX.

CAPITAL NAMES IN THE ATLAS.—Last week that distinguished African explorer, Mr. JOSEPH THOMSON, taking leave of his friends, left London by the *Oceana*, to spend some time in the Atlas Mountains and Morocco. The dangers of the expedition are shared with him by Lieut. HAROLD CRICHTON-BROWNE, the son of the admirable Sir JAMES of that ilk. If the proverb "Like father, like son" holds good in this case, the young Scottish Borderer will not be long before he has benefited the human race. It appears that the Duke of CAMBRIDGE, recognising the merits of Mr. HAROLD CRICHTON-BROWNE, has given him a year's leave of absence to prosecute his inquiries. An excellent book may be expected as the outcome of these leaves bound in Morocco. Everyone must wish the gallant explorers success in the wild lands they are about to traverse, and speedy return home to their native country.



THE BRITISH PASSION FOR INEQUALITY.

Sturdy Briton. "IT'S ALL VERY WELL TO TURN UP YOUR NOSE AT YOUR OWN BEGGARLY COUNTS AND BARONS, MORRIS! BUT YOU CAN'T FIND FAULT WITH OUR NOBILITY! TAKE A MAN LIKE OUR DOOK O' BATS WATER, NOW! WHY, HE COULD BUY UP YOUR FOREIGN DUKES AND PRINCES BY THE DOZEN! AND AS FOR YOU AND ME, HE'D LOOK UPON US AS SO MUCH DIRT BENEATH HIS FEET! NOW THAT'S SOMETHING LIKE A NOBLEMAN, THAT IS! THAT'S A KIND O' NOBLEMAN THAT I, AS AN ENGLISHMAN, FEEL AS I'VE GOT SOME RIGHT TO BE PROUD OF!"

ALL ABOUT IT; OR, TALK BY THE WAY.

Interior of a Compartment on a Suburban Line. Well-informed Britons and others discovered concluding the perusal of their morning papers.

First Well-informed Briton. Well, I've read the Report through, and I'm blest if I can make head or tail of it. Portsmouth seems to be in a bad way.

Second Well-informed Briton. Oh, no, Portsmouth's all right; or rather, it will be. Look here, what it says. (*Refers to paper.*)

"The two ironclad forts should be armed with heavy guns, and made in every respect secure. The armament of all the forts on this side requires considerable improvement. It is also necessary to erect a new land-battery."

And then it goes on about the works at the "eastern entrance," that it says ought to be carried out with the least possible delay. Here nothing's clearer than what the Commissioners have to say about them. Look here. Here are their very words (*again refers to paper*) "When they are completed," they say—

"And the minefields have been protected by machine and quick-firing guns, they believe that the imminent risk to which the dockyard at Portsmouth is at present subjected will be mainly averted."

A Pronounced Pessimist. "Mainly averted!" Gammon! Why how long do you think it would take to carry out the plan, even if they could manage it? (*With cynical satisfaction.*) Three years, if it took a day! Why, the beggars admit that themselves. And then, where's the money to come from? I should like to ask. I tell you it's all gammon! (*Glances defiantly at everybody.*)

Casual Outsider (who has a general but vague grasp of the subject). Oh, I think the money is provided for. Surely I saw something about five million pounds, or some figure of that kind, being already granted by the War Office. (*Refers to paper.*) Ha! here it is. The Estimates framed by the War Department were (*reads*), "for Military Ports, £3,137,802, and for Home Mercantile Ports, £1,757,500, making together a total of £4,895,302." (*Tentatively.*) I conclude that amount will be included in the Budget?

Pronounced Pessimist. "Included in the Budget!" Why, what do you take old GOSCHEN for? Do you think he'll tack on a single penny? Why, he wouldn't

do it to save not only Portsmouth but the whole Empire from going to the bottom of the sea. (*Enunciating it as a familiar home truth.*) Why, what do you think he's Chancellor of the Exchequer for, except to swamp the country and please the taxpayer?

First Well-informed Briton. If you'll allow me to correct you, I think you're wrong. I certainly saw somewhere that the Government were prepared to do something at once. Whether it was £800,000, or £2,000,000, I'm not quite clear (*refers to paper*); anyhow, I know they don't mean to let matters slide.

Second Well-informed Briton. Quite so. The Government are fully alive to the gravity of the following paragraph from the Commissioners' Report, which says that:—(*Refers to paper.*)

"It is not too much to say that the destruction of our great dockyard at Portsmouth—and in a less degree of that of Plymouth—might be decisive of the issue of a great war; while the defense of the Thames and Medway is likewise of paramount importance. After inquiring carefully into the condition of each of these ports, the Committee have no hesitation in stating their conviction that deficiencies exist in the defenses of each of them which render our position dangerously insecure."

I have no doubt but that a moderate sum will be set aside to put the matter in hand to provide against the possibility of the occurrence of such catastrophes, and, I should say, without an instant's delay.

First Suggestive Listener. It's a strong Commission, I see a good many names. IRVING'S on it, ain't he?

Second Suggestive Listener (dubiously). I can't quite say. But I've heard that ten millions is about the figure fixed by experts as the sum really necessary to supply the country with an efficient scheme of home defenses.

Pronounced Pessimist. Not a penny under. (*Grimly.*) Not that that would be any use as things stand. Where should we be to-morrow, if this country were suddenly to be involved in a great Naval war? Why, nowhere. Look at the trial of the *Porpoise* the other day. Besides, where are the ships? Where are the men? France is more than a match for us with either, and before the end of next year will be able to knock us into a cocked hat. What's the good of "Commissions" and their "Reports"? The administration has gone to the dogs, and that's the long and short of it.

A Roused Optimist. Stuff, Sir. England was never better able to hold her own at sea than she is at the present moment. What if a big gun bursts here and there, or an ironclad or two turn bottom upwards! It wasn't with big guns and ironclads that we licked the French at Trafalgar; and what we did then we can do again, Sir, for we've got the same stuff to do it with. Bless me, as if I understood all this "Defense" scare. As if we couldn't hold our own on the sea! Why, what's the country coming to, I should like to know!

Second Well-informed Briton.—Well, you see, that may be all very well, and no doubt there is some truth in it; but still the fact remains that the Committee have come to the conclusion that a good deal wants doing, and that the sooner it is done the better. (*Is entering into further details in explanation of the Report as Scene closes.*)

A Poser.

SCENE—In front of the Admiralty. Arty and Dick looking up at the Sea-horses.

Dick. There never were no such things as sea-horses.

Arty (who has had his gun out at so much an hour on the coast). Not? Then how about the Sea-Mews they talk of, eh?

UNEMPLOYED HEROES.—A Discharged Soldiers' Aid Society is doing what it can to supply a considerable oversight on the part of a grateful, rather than thoughtful country. It is hardly meet that poor TOMMY ATKINS, who has spent the best years of his life in his country's service, should be turned adrift to take the consequence of his unavoidable improvidence amongst the "Unemployed." There is also a Society for the Aid of Discharged Prisoners; but the aid afforded to TOMMY should be proportioned to his deserts, which somewhat exceed those that JEMMY—so to denominate a burglar—can reasonably expect to receive. Mr. Punch wishes success to the D.S.A.S., for it is hard on TOMMY to treat him as a boy treats an orange, which, after he has sucked it dry, he chucks into the gutter.

EVICITION!



SWAIN

SWAIN

Turkey. "S'CURSE MR. PRINCE! SORRY TO MAKE ANY UNPLEASANTNESS—BUT I'M ACTING UNDER ORDERS!!"

VERY SORRY, I'm sure, my dear Prince!
(If the son of a dog knew how sorry!)
My grief I should like to evince;
(By sending him straightway to glory!)
But business is business, you know;
I am acting, you see, by instructions.
I fear that you really must go.
(You know if you don't there'll be ructions.)

I act, you perceive, for the firm;
I don't wish to make things unpleasant.
(Delightful to see the fool squirm
Like a chucked-out Hibernian peasant?)
I must obey orders. Eh, why?
To fail would be simply my ruin.
(I am doing this under the eye
Of that horrible brute Mr. Bruin.)

A writ of ejectment? Just so!
It is not to damage or shock you meant.
(To Sheila I trust he may go.)
Thanks, much, for accepting the document!
Sans conséquence, Sir (Will that wash?)
After all, 'tis a mere brutum fulmen!
(If Ferdinand credits that bosh,
He must be the dullest of dull men!)

MR. PUNCH'S VERY QUEER STORIES.

BLACKWOOD'S TALE; OR, A MASTER OF BLACK ARTS.

CHAPTER I.

My *nom de plume* is BLACKWOOD, but I come of a very ordinary stock. My father was an Omnibus Proprietor, my mother a Margate Bathing-woman. I had sixteen brothers and sisters, and we were generally regarded as an idiotic family. I was no better than the rest. But I differed from them all in one special respect. I had a will of my own. This early developed itself. On one occasion, when an attempt was made to administer a dose of castor-oil to me, though both my parents and the rest of the household held me hand and foot, and knocked out three of my front teeth in the struggle to force a wine-funnel down my throat, they never got me to swallow a single drop. After this I sulked. But I secretly nursed my will-power. By assiduous practice it grew to gigantic dimensions. Everything gave way before it. I tried it on my father, and willed he should not move. He was instantly pinned to his chair. The curate called. I made a mental resolution that he should try to turn a double back-somersault. He at once did so, falling heavily in the attempt. Then I overturned an omnibus, full inside and out. Nor did my experiments end here. I found that by my will I could control inanimate objects as well. With a scarcely expressed wish, I split the kitchen-table in half. With equal facility I wrenched off the front door, and had the drawing-room piano whisked through the roof of the house, and deposited in the back garden. Feeling myself thus gifted, I recognised the necessity of providing myself with a wider field for the exercise of my peculiar powers, and I resolved to go to the University. In almost as short a time than it takes to relate the fact, I had, by sheer force of will, gained an Oxford Scholarship, taken up my quarters in my College rooms, and commenced keeping my terms as an Undergraduate.



"A strange thing happened."
Haggard Focim.

Immediately on entering into residence I lost no time in testing my powers of control over the Principal. The very first night I willed that he should screw up all the Dons in their respective rooms. I had scarcely framed the resolution when he emerged from his quarters, dark lantern and appropriate tools in hand, and proceeded stealthily to execute the task I had mentally allotted to him. The next morning in chapel I made him sing, "*Two Lovely Black Eyes*," in the midst of the service. My control over him was evidently complete. I felt that I had the Principal well in hand.

And now occurred a circumstance, which, as the sequel will show, had a marked influence on the events of my life.

Among my fellow students at St. Anselm's was one named GULLYTOFF. He was a dark, middle-aged, long-haired, and swarthy Asiatic, of repulsive and forbidding appearance, whose wild gestures, rolling eye and demoniacal expression instantly fascinated me and absorbed my attention. Something in my appearance struck him also. We became great chums. He told me his story. It was not an uncommon one. Connected by blood with a travelling Circus, that had, by the machinations of a wicked great uncle, been decoyed to the wilds of Asia Minor, he had one night, after his customary feat of bursting through several paper hoops in spangled tights, been left behind on the road, and from that day to this he had never been able to trace or even hear anything of the missing troupe since. Under these circumstances he had seen nothing before him but to journey to England, enter himself at Oxford for the purpose of studying the Black Arts, by a proficiency in which he hoped to recover a clue to his lost relatives.

I explained to him my powers, and we agreed then and there to join our forces, and prosecute with all our might and main the object of his search together. The very next night I made a bonfire of the whole of my classical library, and supplied its place with a few carefully selected works on magic, and was soon deep in the mysteries of *Noctes Diabolice* of HERFANUS, *JORAM'S Pankleptikon*, and the back numbers of *Zadkiel's Almanack*.

I found the study of the new "science" all-engrossing. I stuck to it day and night. For a whole fortnight I cut chapel, hall, lectures—everything—uninterruptedly. My Tutor and the Principal sent for me. I took no notice of them whatever. At last the evening arrived on which we were to hold our first mystic *séance*. My room was prepared for the occasion. A huge witch's cauldron bubbled over a flickering blue flame in the centre; this was encircled by a double row of human skulls; several alligators were suspended from the ceiling; a tripod surmounted by an Arabian dish of steaming aromatic incense stood in each corner, while a night owl was perched over the bookcase, and a couple of ten-foot snakes wound themselves noiselessly in stealthy coils about the floor. My scout's boy, who brought in my tea, noticed these, and seemed anxious to quit the apartment.

And now GULLYTOFF commenced our incantation. Spiritualistic phenomena were new to me, and I was at first startled at being banged on the back by a phosphorescent accordion. Raps followed. "This is nothing," said GULLYTOFF, "to what you will see!"

He was right. Scarcely had he spoken before a troop of gibbering skeletons poured out of the cauldron and flooded the apartment. A corpse in its shroud sat on the mantel-piece. A crowd of hideous goblins careered about the staircases and frightened men returning late to their rooms after attending a Union debate into fits. Claps of terrific thunder resounded above the College walls, and the whole buildings swayed to and fro as if they had been a labouring ship struggling against an overpowering sea. The Principal came out into the quadrangle to see what was the matter. He found it peopled with ghastly shapes, and was immediately seized by a headless illuminated ape, who perched itself upon his neck, and clinging wildly to his College cap, caused him to stagger heavily in the direction of the gate-porter, crying aloud for help.

At this moment a big blazing balloon of blue fire settled over the cauldron. In the midst of it sat a little old Jew money-lender with a frightful grin distorting his malignant features.

"You want to find the Circus troupe?" he screeched, addressing GULLYTOFF in a piping treble. "Ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho! We'll see about that to-morrow!"

Then breaking forth into a wild *can-can*, he dashed through the window, where, followed by the now frantic and howling throng of spirits, ghosts, and goblins we had conjured up, he disappeared, much to the surprise of the local fire brigade, who had been summoned by the authorities, now fairly alive to the fact that an unusual commotion was occurring within the College precincts, among the chimneys and spires of the neighbouring public buildings. So our incantation ended. But I passed a sleepless night.

(To be continued in our next.)

JUSTICE TO THE LADIES!

(By our own Prophetic Descriptive Reporter.)

THE House of Commons was in a ferment of excitement. The great question of the century, "Should Women have the right of Voting?" was under discussion. Upon the decision of that evening the matter rested. The Government and Opposition were mixed; some were in favour of the measure, some against; and all were anxious. The Grand Old Man had made a grand old speech, which would have been grander had anyone been able to clearly comprehend the conclusion to which it pointed. The Tribune of the People, now the leader of the Tories, had had his say, but still the question remained unsolved. How would it end? Those who had good memories recalled the fact that the great Earl of BEACONSFIELD had, shortly before his lamented death, espoused the cause of the ladies. But for all that, there was a feeling of uneasiness that, given votes, seats would follow, and that then the House of Commons would lose its well-established reputation for being the most comfortable Club in London. What would become of the husbands, if the wives saw them home? How would it be possible to plead the excuse of "parliamentary duties" for absence from the country house, if man and his better half were admitted to the same division lobbies? That was the rub!

Many of the younger Members had urged the plea that, it was rude and discourteous to make an invidious distinction between the sexes; but these juvenile legislators had been laughed or coughed down by the grey-headed fathers of families. It was all very well for bachelors to talk, but let them wait until they became married men, and then the matter would present itself to them under quite a different aspect. So the debate progressed, speech after speech was made, and the *clôture* was ignored in the all-absorbing interest of the topic under discussion.

At length there was a pause, and a deep silence reigned. All eyes were turned towards the Treasury Bench, before which was standing a Minister, white and trembling with emotion.

"Sir," at last cried the Statesman, struggling with his sobs, "it is a painful moment, a very painful moment, but I am bound to do my duty. I must confess that women are superior to men in intelligence, tact, and everything that fits a human being to be a Member of this honourable House."

Again there was a deep silence, and all present hung upon the speaker's words. He wiped his eyes, and continued, "I must remind the House, Sir, of this memorable fact. Many here present will have seen from time to time in the newspapers that I, in my official position as CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, have received halves of bank-notes. Those remittances have come exclusively from men. I am bound to admit the fact that brands our sex with idioty! But, Sir, I must say that no conscience-money has ever been paid by a woman!"

The next moment Justice and Reason had prevailed, and, with a mighty shout, the franchise had been given to the Ladies!

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PETER F. HEERING'S
COPENHAGEN
GOLD MEDAL
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